

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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C. ADAMS, B. BUETTNER, ADAMS & BUETTNER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AGENTS FOR COLLECTING SOLDIER CLAIMS, JASPER, INDIANA. Office—North east corner McDonald and West streets. March 14, 1863.

WILL N. TRAWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, UNDERSIGNED will hereafter practice in the Circuit Court of Dubois County, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

George P. Dewese, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, ROME, IND., WILL attend the Courts in Perry, Dubois and Crawford counties, and give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Jan. 23, '61.

BAKER & BECKETT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, VINCENNES, IND. JASPER, IND. WILL practice in the Dubois Circuit and Common Pleas Courts. Particular attention paid to collections. June 20.

J. T. Dewese, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PETERSBURGH, IND. WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Pike and adjoining counties. Nov. 2.

RUDOLPHUS SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JASPER, INDIANA. WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to him in any of the courts of Dubois county. Office at the corner of McDonald and — streets. mar12

W. H. DeWolf, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PETERSBURGH, INDIANA. WILL attend all terms of the courts in Dubois county. January 25th 1860-y

KRAUS HOTEL, CHAS. KRAUS, Proprietor, corner of South Main and West Streets, JASPER, IND.

THE proprietor will exert himself to render the sojourn of those who may put up with him perfectly agreeable. His table at all times supplied with the best in the market. His wines and liquors are unequalled in the West. He has also good stabling for horses. "Try me." [36]

SEBASTIAN KUEBLER, WAGON, COACH, PLOW AND HARROW MANUFACTURER, CORNER OF NEWTON & LAWRENCE STREETS, Jasper, Indiana. Would respectfully inform the public.

That he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, in the best style. Purchasers will do well to call and examine his stock and work, as he is satisfied he can please them.

Blacksmithing and repairing of all kinds attended to promptly. mh7-v*

R. BECK, BOOT & SHOE STORE, EAST SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE, JASPER. WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have a large and splendid assortment of Boots and Shoes on hand, which they will sell as cheap as can be done anywhere, and will warrant all their work. Give us a trial. ROMUALD BECK.

Gentle Showers. Showers, showers, gentle showers, Falling when the cuckoo sighs; Bring to this world of ours Many bright and precious things. Well ye fall, oh gentle showers, Tears of Heaven giving birth To a thousand herbs and flowers. You make glad the smiling earth— Showers, showers, gentle showers!

Showers, showers, gentle showers! Gushing from the stricken heart, When the cloud of sorrow lowers, Ye relieve its deepest smart. Human tears, and heaven's showers, Never can they fall in vain; But give life to thoughts and flowers, And rejoice the heart again— Showers, showers, gentle showers!

Proclamation by the President. WASHINGTON, May 8.

By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation. WHEREAS, The Congress of the United States, at its session, enacted a law entitled "An Act for enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes," which was approved on the 3d day of March last; and,

Whereas, It is reiterated in said act that there now exists in the United States an insurrection and rebellion against the authorities thereof, and it is, under the Constitution of the United States, the duty of the Government to suppress insurrection and rebellion, to guarantee to each State a republican form of Government, and to preserve the public tranquility; and,

Whereas, For these high purposes a military force is indispensable, to raise and support which all persons ought willingly to contribute; and,

Whereas, no service can be more praiseworthy and honorable than that which is rendered for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, and the consequent preservation of a free Government; and Whereas, for the reasons thus recited, it was enacted by the said statute, that all able bodied male citizens of the United States, and persons of foreign birth who shall have declared on oath their intention to become citizens under and in pursuance of the laws thereof, between the ages of twenty and forty five years, with certain exceptions not necessary to be herein mentioned, are declared to constitute the Nation's forces, and shall be liable to perform military duty in the service of the United States when called out for that purpose; and

Whereas, It is claimed in behalf of persons of foreign birth within the ages specified in said act, who have heretofore declared on oath their intention to become citizens, under and in pursuance of the laws of the United States, and who have not exercised the right of suffrage or any other political franchise under the laws of the United States or of any of the States thereof, are not absolutely concluded by their aforesaid declarations of intentions from renouncing their purpose to become citizens, and that on the contrary such persons under treaties or the law of nations retain a right to renounce that purpose and to forego the privilege of citizenship and residence within the United States under the obligations imposed by the aforesaid act of Congress;

Now, therefore, to avoid all misapprehensions concerning the liability of persons concerned to perform the service required by such enactment, and to give it full effect, I do hereby order and proclaim that no plea of alienage will be received or allowed to exempt from the obligations imposed by the aforesaid act of Congress any person of foreign birth who shall have declared on oath his intention to become a citizen of the United States under the laws thereof, and who shall be found within the United States at any time during the continuance of the present insurrection and rebellion at or after the expiration of sixty five (65) days from the date of this proclamation. Nor shall any such play of alienage be allowed in favor of any such person who has declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and shall have exercised at any time the right of suffrage or any other political franchise within the United States, or under the laws of any of the several States.

It is said the dying of homesickness is no figure of speech, but a reality of weekly occurrence in our army.

The Little Regiment. During the struggle for Independence, General Greene sent out General Morgan with one thousand men to cut off the retreat of the Tories then infesting the western portion of South Carolina.

Scarcely had Morgan with his band taken up their march ere Cornwallis dispatched the blood-thirsty Tarleton in pursuit. The indefatigable Morgan soon learned of this and accordingly halted and prepared for battle.

Among the militia were seven persons, a father and six sons, whom General Morgan especially complimented. These seven patriot soldiers were nicknamed by their comrades "The Little Regiment."

John Hillier, senior, some fifty-five years of age, stood six feet five and a half inches, was of fine proportions, and weighed over three hundred pounds; while the young John Hillier, junior, aged twenty-two, measured six feet three inches, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The five others varied in size and weight between these two. In addition to these gigantic proportions, the Hilliers were possessed of enormous physical strength and the most dauntless courage. Though often before engaged in skirmishes, this was the first time they were to take part in a battle, and of course the rest of the army were anxious to know how they would behave.

"John," said General Morgan to the elder Hillier, who with his sons was eating a hearty and frugal meal from off a fallen tree, "I suppose you and your brave boys would rather fight together than be separated."

"Yes, General," said the patriot, "I think we would be of much more service to you and our noble cause, when united, than when parted."

"Well, John," rejoined Morgan, "we will have some warm work in the morning, and I am going to give you and your lads here the most dangerous position in the battle. To-morrow you shall bear the first standard in the fight, and I know that the glorious banner of our country cannot be placed in better hands."

"Thank you, General, for the compliment, and I and my lads will promise you this—that while we can stand and fight, or kneel and fight, you'll see them Stars and Stripes floating."

"Then as time is pressing, move up to the front," answered Morgan, gathering up his reins and slowly riding away, "and remember," he continued, as his steed pranced along, impatient of the curb, "I shall keep my eye on 'The Little Regiment!' Good night."

"Good night, General," and thus they parted.

The still hours of the night passed slowly, solemnly on. Presently, as the sun came fully above the horizon, and streamed his glowing beams over the icy hillocks, and the fields, the trumpet's shrill note sounded a long the enemy's advance, and the patriot band prepared for the onset.

In front of and a little apart from the van of Morgan's force were John Hillier and his six giant sons, the father himself bearing aloft the flag, while the latter ranged themselves, three on each side of him, as a guard.

"Well done, 'Little Regiment!'" exclaimed the General, as he rode down the line, encouraging his men to stand firm before the foe, who were at this time rapidly approaching them.

On came Tarleton and his merciless butchers with that steady coolness and veteran determination which always have such a fatal effect upon militia. Anxiously Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined force, which he noticed was already beginning to sway from side to side, and back and forth. But even at this moment he was unable to repress the thrill of joy which passed through him, as he beheld the Hilliers, at a word from their father, coolly and deliberately draw their long, heavy swords.

"Would to God that I had a hundred such 'Little Regiments!'" he said between his closed teeth, "I would—"

This sentence was unfinished, for at this instant, at a signal, Tarleton's troops clapped spurs to their steeds, and charged with fearful fury.

For a moment or so the militia tottered and surged and struggled, and then breaking fled in wild confusion, thus leaving the devoted Hilliers unsupported. Morgan expected to see the latter swept to the earth

and ridden down like reeds before the tempest but even he did not know the "Little Regiment." In a voice that was clearly heard above the din of battle, the elder Hillier, as he raised himself to his full height, shouted:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

Instantly he was encircled by his sons, the herculean exertions of whom actually kept the whole force of the enemy at bay.—Determined, however, to take the rebel standard, Tarleton's men raged wildly about their intended victims. Men and horses sank to the earth, till at last they formed a rampart, behind which the "Little Regiment," wounded and bleeding, fought like lions. Seeing at last that sabres were useless, a British dragoon now drew a pistol, and leveling it at the young John Hillier, shot him through the heart.

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!" again thundered the father, and the fearful circle was once more serried and unbroken.

By this time Morgan had succeeded in bringing up his regulars, and heading them himself, he rushed to the rescue of the noble Hilliers. But, alas! too late! A second of the "Little Regiment" fell, then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth,

"Back to back, Ned! Our flag forever!" hoarsely commanded the elder Hillier, as he saw his fifth son sink at his feet.

For a while Morgan's fierce assault attracted Tarleton's men. Like tigers did the patriotic commander and his handful of men strive to cut their way to the two envied heroes, and save them; but fate had ordered it otherwise, and the last son falling, the father was left alone in the midst of his relentless assailants.

Still, however, the flag floated proudly above the doomed hero, and still that glorious sword swept below its fold, and still as frenzy took the place of reason Hillier shouted in wild, hoarse tones—

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

For a moment the giant patriot raised himself to his full height, whirled his sword aloft and delivered his vengeful stroke among his enemies, one of whom he clove nearly to the saddle. Such was the force of the blow, that the blade snapped asunder leaving only the hilt in the hero's hand, who, casting this from him, sprang up, seized the starry banner that he had so long and bravely defended, and convulsively wrapped it around him, sank beneath a shower of blows, exclaiming, with a dying voice:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

Unable to tear the flag from about the fallen man, the British now turned their attention to Gen. Morgan, who, after a desperate resistance, was forced to fly. In the course of the pursuit, however, the enemy fell into irretrievable disorder, and ever on the alert, Morgan taking advantage of this rallied his broken force, and charged the foe, routed them, thus re-winning the victory which he had so signally lost.

His first thought after the defeat of the enemy, turned upon the brave fated Hilliers. Surrounded by their victims, lay the seven gigantic Hilliers, about the eldest of whom was still wrapped the colors which had been committed to his care in the morning, now riddled and torn with bullets, and soaked with the blood of its champions.

As Morgan gazed upon the silent forms at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes, and with the words, "Bury them side by side, and above all, don't remove the flag from about John; it is a hero's shroud, and a hero is in it," He was about to turn away, when one of his aids exclaimed:

"He lives! he lives!"

The group, therefore, continued around the dying man, who revived so far as to raise himself on his elbow, and exclaimed:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

This was his last effort, and spasmodically drawing his spangled and blood-stained shroud closely around him, he sank to the earth a corpse.

It is said Gen. Sigel's old corps ran during the recent battle on the Rappahannock. As a body they are like a locomotive—if the engineer is competent to handle them they run well; if he is not, then they run themselves. "Dey fights mit Sigel! dey runs mit Schurz."

ENGLISHMEN EMBROIDERING "GREEN BACKS."

On Saturday afternoon a person carrying on business as an engraver at Sheffield and one of his workmen were apprehended on a charge of forging American Government notes, probably such as are known to our readers by the now familiar term, "green backs." Several months ago information was communicated anonymously to the police and the American Minister that an engraver in this town was doing a brisk trade in the manufacture of American notes. In a short time afterward Sergeant Spital, a London detective, came down to Sheffield, and has for several months been prosecuting inquiries, in conjunction with the Federal Vice Consul here and the Sheffield police. We hear that their inquiries satisfied them that large numbers of notes, varying in value from \$5 to \$10, have been forged in Sheffield and sent to New York, where they got into circulation, to the great injury of the Government and the public.—Sheffield Independent.

The Slaveholders' Rebellion.

We have been told from stump and forum, by Republican newspapers and orators of all sizes and qualities, that this is "a slaveholders' rebellion." These gentlemen will now be astonished to learn that Horace Greeley has discovered that the principal slaveholders of the South have "steadily resisted disunion," from the beginning. The New York Tribune, of Wednesday says:

Throughout all the agitations preceding the outbreak of the rebellion, the more extensive and wealthy among them steadily resisted disunion, as involving the overthrow of slavery. Gov. Aiken, the largest slaveholder in South Carolina, slipped away to Europe. If we mistake not, very early in '61, and there remains. At all events, he never had a word of cheer for rebellion. Gov. Hammond, another South Carolina patriarch, rich, shrewd and a most intense devotee of the "institution," has been ominously silent ever since Lincoln's election.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

The court-martial of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham convened yesterday morning over the St. Charles Exchange. The following are the members of the Court: Brig. Gen. Potter, President; Col. DeCourcy, Lieut. Col. Grodrieh, Major Van Buren, Major Browne, Major Fitch and Capt. Lydig, Capt. Cutts is Judge Advocate. After the Court opened the charges and specifications were read, to which Mr. Vallandigham desired to make a written plea, and asked for a continuance, which being refused Mr. V. demurred to the jurisdiction of the Court, and the Court entered a plea of not guilty.—The evidence proceeded, but is not to be made public. The Court sits with open doors.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Adjutant, form the regiment as in dress parade. Now read 'em these resolutions the general and me drew up last night." Adjutant reads the puffs of the administration and threats against "copperheads." "Now, my men, you are to vote on these resolutions. All of you who oppose them step four paces to the front. Come out here, you copperheads, where we can see you?" Of course, there are no candidates for the guard-house rash enough to step forth. "The resolutions are unanimously adopted," saith the colonel. "Parade is dismissed!" In a few days the abolition journals publish a "voice from the army." Next month we read in the army news, "Col. — promoted to be brigadier general on account of gallantry in the field." Hurrah for the men of straps!—Springfield Register.

MILITARY ARRESTS.—The editor of the Plymouth Democrat has been arrested for alluding in disrespectful terms to the order of General Hancock upon assuming command of this military department, and has been taken to Cincinnati, to be arraigned before the military court in session there, for the offense. Other editors in the State have been notified that similar offences will receive the same attention.

Gen. Rosecrans, a few days ago, received the following pertinent letter from an indignant private: "General—I have been in the service eighteen months, and have never received a cent. I desire a furlough for fifteen days, in order to return home and remove my family to the poor house." The General granted the furlough.